Armes, armes, sword, fire, corruption in the place,
False Iusticer, why hast thou let her scape?
Edg. Bleese thy fiue wits.
Kent. O pitty sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft haue boasted to retaine.
Edg. My teares begin to take his part so much,
They'l marre my counterfeting.
Lear. The little dogs and all,
Trey, *Blanch*, and *Sweet-hart*, see they barke at me.
Edg. *Tom* will throw his head at them, auaunt you curs.
Be thy mouth, or blacke or white, tooth that poisons if it bite,
Mastiue, Gray-hound, Mungrel, Grim-hound, or Spaniell, Brach
or Him, Bobtaile tike, or Trundle-taile, *Tom* will make them
weepe and waile. For with throwing thus my head, dogs leape
the hatch, and all are fled, loudla doodla, come march to wakes,
and faires, and market townes, poore *Tom* thy horne is dry.
Lear. Then let them anotomize *Regan*, see what breeds about
her,
Hart is there any cause in nature that makes this hardnesse;
You sir, I entertaine you for one of my hundred,
Onely I do not like the fashion of your garment; you'l say
They are Persian attire, but let them be changed.
Kent. Now good my Lord lie here a while.
Lear. Make no noise, make no noise, draw the Curtaines, so,
so, so, wee'l go to supper in the morning, so, so, so.

Enter Gloucester.

Glost. Come hither friend, where is the King my master?
Kent. Here sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gone.
Glost. Good friend, I prethee take him in thy armes,
I haue ore-heard a plot of death vpon him,
There is a Litter ready, lay him in it, and driue towards *Douer*,
friend,
Where thou shalt meete both welcome and protection; take vp
thy master,
If thou shouldst dally halfe an houre, his life with thine,
And all that offer to defend him, stand in assured losse,

Take

Take vp to keepe, and foll
Giue thee quicke condu
Kent. Oppressed nature
This rest might yet haue b
Which if conuenience wil
Come helpe to beare thy
Glost. Come, come, aw
Edg. When we our bet
We scarsely thinke our mi
Who alone suffers, most i'
Leauing free things and h
But then the minde much
When griefe hath mates,
How light and portable
When that which makes
He childed as I fatherd, *T*
Marke the high noises, an
When false opinion, who
In thy iust proofe repeals
What will hap more to ni
Lurke, lurke.

Enter Cornwall, R

Corn. Poste speedily to
Letter,
The army of *France* is lan
Regan, Hang him insta
Gon. Plucke out his ey
Corn. Leaue him to my
ster company. The reueng
terous father, are not fit
where you are going to
bound to the like.
Our poste shall be swift a
Farwell deare sister, farw
How now, wheres the Ki

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